

THE COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FILE

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THE HOLY NIGHT

No princely door took Mary's Child,
No palace hailed God's Undefiled.
Not robed in pomp, He came to earth
Nor 'mid the rich had He His birth.

In pitying love, benign, supreme,
He leaves His home man to redeem.
He seeks His own, to save and bless;
But, oh, the Lord roams shelterless.

Couched in a manger 'mid the cold,
While myriad ones their God extolled.
On Mary's breast an Infant wailed;
'Twas God himself, His glory veiled.

Lord, in my heart be Thou reborn!
For where Thou art 'tis Christmas morn.
And through our Faith resounds the glee
Of choiring angels praising Thee.

Spaulding Miles '30

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

It was Christmas Eve. Everybody in the small town of Leamington was bubbling over with the true holiday spirit. Brilliantly lighted Christmas trees, holly wreaths and paper bells, shone through the windows of almost every home; while churches joined in the happy celebration with customary yuletide sentiment. Everything was in readiness for the arrival of that most welcomed and distinguished guest, namely, old joy-spreading Santa Claus.

A snowstorm on the previous day had clothed the cheerful little town in a mantle of white quite as if preparation were being made by nature herself for the coming great holiday. Trees and shrubbery were decorated with frosty crystals, and the entire earth appeared to have been transformed into a veritable fairyland. The children felt sure that the snowfall had been sent on purpose in order that Santa might come the more easily with his loaded sleigh to fill their stockings to bursting with the goodies and toys of which he always seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. To prove that they were, one and all, good kiddies they had crept off to bed at an early hour, after having earnestly prayed that good Santa might have no difficulty in entering their houses by way of the rather narrow chimneys at the top of the roofs, and in their prayers, to be sure, they did not forget to include an impassioned request that everyone might get just what he or she heartily desired to have.

Very soon they were fast asleep, and away they soared to that beautiful dreamland of Mr. Sandman where every tree was a Christmas tree loaded with candies and trinkets; where chocolate drops grew on bushes, and where rivers and fountains overflowed

with the choicest nectarean beverages. In the meantime the grownups down stairs were busy with the pleasant task of trimming and decorating Christmas trees, laughing and joking with one another as they distributed the toys and other gifts, and filled the childrens' stockings with chocolate mice and English walnuts. Truly it was a merry evening, and everyone seemed to be enjoying the work with the thought that he should,

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

Among the people of happy Leamington there was one family, however, that had a very particular reason for being reserved, yes, even sad, and because of that reason unalloyed joy could not be theirs. The family was that of Mr. and Mrs. Manly whose home stood on Main Street, just in that part of the town where the glare of Christmas-tree lights and the shimmering tinsel decorations contrasted mockingly with the boding darkness that hung so cheerlessly in its windows. Jack Manly, the oldest son of the family had gone to a foreign country where he attended a school for aeronautics with the purpose in mind to qualify for air-mail service. An accident occurred that involved the lives of two prospective aeronauts, and by a singular mistake Jack Manly was believed to be one of the dead young men. Notice to this effect had reached the Manly family during the first week in December, and the profound sorrow caused by the report interfered materially with the Christmas plans in the Manly home.

Now on Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Manly with their younger children were seated within the living room in silence while good cheer and happiness were in full swing all around them. Everyone of the family members indulged thoughts of other years

when joy and gladness on the great feast of Christmas had been the portion of the Manlys as well as of their neighbors. In fond memory all of the family contemplated visions of the gift-laden Christmas trees of former years when Jack, who was now considered as gone forever, had presided over them in his gaudy Santa's outfit. Those good times were never to return that had been the source of exceeding pleasure in days now forever past. Thus they sat brooding with lumps in their throats until bedtime. Gradually one by one they retired to their rooms, broken-hearted, to finish their cherished visions in far-off dreamland.

While darkness spread its cloak over the snow-covered roofs of the houses in Leamington, and the childrens' stockings were all hanging in readiness for the nocturnal visit of jolly Santa Claus, the midnight flyer from New York halted for a moment at the little railway station of the town to permit a lone passenger to alight—a young man wearing the insignia of the air-service. He had returned home to surprise his family on the glorious Christmas holiday. Nothing concerning the false report of his death had come to his notice, so he was hurrying home to be Santa Claus for the family as of old.

Everyone who has been away from home for a length of time knows how the desire to meet his dear ones will put a very extra speed to his steps when the last few blocks remain to be covered that separate him from them. Similarly Jack was now hurrying along the street when all of a sudden he met an old schoolmate, a doctor, who had been called out on a night-case. After greeting each other, Jack listened with deep astonishment at the recital of his friend in which he (Jack) was declared to be dead, but mere astonishment could not prevent a brilliant idea from

taking shape in Jack's mind. Enlisting the aid of the doctor after the patient had received the necessary attention, Jack stirred about the town to find the stores that were still open. Parcels of gifts were soon in his possession, and together with them a large Christmas tree was purchased to make things look in the old home like they did when joy and not sorrow held place there.

Bidding his friend a Merry Christmas and thanking him for his timely services, Jack made his way cautiously to the door of his home. Knowing where the key to the house was kept for those of the family who might return late of evenings, he succeeded in entering and in bringing into the house the parcels as well as the tree without causing any disturbance. He trimmed the tree with great difficulty as the least noise would have proved disastrous to his plans. When, after several hours of painful work, this task was done, he hurriedly piled the larger parcels that contained special gifts at the foot of the tree and noiselessly moved to a chair where he seated himself and contemplated with utmost satisfaction what he had accomplished. Finally, to snatch a little rest, he flung himself upon a couch where in boyhood days he had so often sought relief for his play-wearied limbs. Musing over his success in securing a real surprise for the family and silently whispering a prayer of thanksgiving, he fell asleep.

In what seemed to him less than a moment's time, Jack was awakened from his delicious doze by the jingling of sleigh bells out on the street. Hastily he arose and peered as best he could through the frost-covered window. The beauty of a glorious winter's morning met his sight and filled him with deepest satisfaction. But he had to be up and doing; the family would soon be starting from their sleep,

and at this stage of the game he must not be caught unawares. Hurriedly he slipped into the new Santa outfit which he had bought on the evening before; lighted the candles on the Christmas tree, and took his seat below it, quite as he had done on former occasions. He had barely finished these preparations when he heard the soft footfalls of his dear old Mother on the stairway. He listened breathlessly while she descended and passed through the hallway into the kitchen. Naturally it was hard for Jack to restrain himself, as he wished so ardently to rush to her arms and smother her with caresses. By sheer force of will, however, he remained motionless and silent until the family was called to breakfast.

Little Nora, Jack's youngest sister, could not believe that good old Santa Claus would miss her home even though grief and sorrow prevailed there. In the hope that at least some toy or present might have been dropped through the chimney, she slyly pushed her curly head through the door of the living room with an expectant glance in her bright young eyes. She uttered a scream of delight as she beheld the pretty Christmas tree laden with gifts and burning candles, and Santa himself actually sitting beneath it. In the very next moment the rest of the family, too surprised to speak a word, stood gaping at the scene before them. Thoughts of a practical joke put over on them by friends rushed to their minds. The Mother turned away in tears as the scene brought back to her the memory of her lost son. As the Father was about to speak to the unknown stranger, Jack, their own son, plucked the mask from his face and with a smile heartily shouted a most Merry Christmas to all.

—John Ryan '29

COURAGE REQUITED

Lounging in his official easy-chair, Chief William 'Pop' Mally of the South Side Fire Department surveyed with tenderly amused eyes the antics of his young Hibernian protege, Jimmy Halloran, who had joined in a game of handball with Johnny 'On the Spot' Marlow, the champion slapdasher of the South Side Station. The game was as bitter as the November wind that howled about the doors and windows of the Station House, for there was a grave antipathy between Jimmy Halloran and Johnny Marlow, which neither party sought to repress or even in the slightest to mitigate.

Now young freckle-faced Jimmy with his blue eyes was as true and grand a son of the 'Auld Sod' as County Kerry had ever produced. Because of his shamrock nature he was coddled and loved by everyone of his smoke-eating comrades, even, and especially so, by the Olson brothers, a redoubtable trio of terrible Swedes, who hailed from rugged Scandinavia and who were a real credit to Sweden and to 'Pop' Mally's Fire Department as well. Johnny Marlow, on the other hand, was quite generally admired by his comrades inasmuch as he possessed to a large degree the splendid qualities of heroism and resourcefulness that are so necessary in the face of danger, but he was not the kind of lad who could secure and retain friendship. By nature he was a cold, supercilious sort of individual who knew and did his duty well, and who made it a point to let everybody else know that he did his duty well. Besides being the champion in handball at the Station, he was the acknowledged Beau Brummell of the outfit.

To accentuate the dislike which nature had caus-

ed to exist between these two plucky lads, a youthful rivalry for the favor of an Irish colleen, named Peggy Burke, came along in the course of events. Peggy lived with her widowed mother in a tenement house on the lower East End of the town. Her employment was that of bookkeeper in a broker's office. Tedious and dull employment it certainly was, and as such it made her eager for diversion, particularly of that kind which centers in admiration and flattery. To supply this diversion came to be the ambition of the two young rivals who actually staged a positive race in the matter of satisfying her whims and in gaining her notice and commendation. Services, gifts, presents, and the like were important items in the competition for Peggy's affections, and it was in this respect that Johnny Marlow's superior taste gave him the inside track in the race; for he knew better than Jimmy Halloran did what might prove agreeable to Peggy's fancy.

The great feast of Christmas was but two days in the offing; it must not be allowed to pass without beguiling Peggy with some appropriate memorial. To the difficult things of life belongs the selection of a proper gift, as Jimmy Halloran now discovered to his great dismay. He stewed, thought, and worried over the matter, and a complacent smile settled on his face when at the last hour he saw the glittering cords of Christmas tinsel tied about the package that contained the tokens of his regard and esteem for Peggy Burke. He would not send his present by mail; no, he would carry it; the beautiful and fragile articles might, otherwise, be damaged. After leaving the parcel with Peggy's mother, he turned into the street feeling as light of heart and foot as a bird might feel on a bright warm day in spring.

Fame often lurks just around the corner and is

ready to fasten upon its victim at the most unexpected moments. As Jimmy Halloran was walking homeward, fame singled him out for distinction. Coming towards him with its siren screaming loud in order to clear the street before it was a fire engine which Jimmy soon recognized as coming from Station 5, the very Station that was in charge of Captain 'Pop' Mally. He was about to wave his cap and give a roaring 'hurrah' for the driver when a cry of horror attracted his attention. A child had left its playmates and was trying to make its way across the street. The terrified cry of its mother and the shouts of the people at the curbing had confused the little one, and it now stood in the center of the street not knowing which way to turn. The frenzied horses bore down on the child with the menace of instant destruction, when, like a hawk darting for its prey, Jimmy pulled himself together and in one cunning swoop snatched the child from beneath the very hoofs of the horses while the crowd, amazed and speechless, stood as if petrified on the spot. Only one voice was heard shouting, "Stop, you fool!" just as Jimmy was performing his deed of heroism, and that was the voice of Johnny Marlow.

Events that are unusual, unexpected, particularly if they involve feats of courage and daring, will always attract public notice, and so it happened now. Jimmy had saved that child at the risk of his own life; he was a hero in the eyes of all who had observed him; thanks, praises, flatteries came down upon him in showers; only one, John Marlow stood aloof thoroughly vexed with all that had taken place. Not finding it possible to contain himself any longer, and bent on humiliating Jimmy, he made his way up to him saying, "You fool, don't you know that a child has nine chances out of ten to escape unhurt when

being run over by a vehicle, while a grown-up person is almost certain to lose his life? Your deed was altogether unnecessary; it was a matter of showing off, Jimmy Halloran, that is all; a matter of showing off, and nothing more." Jimmy flushed quite red, but said nothing in reply.

"Why should he be a fool?" interrupted one of the bystanders, "I rather say that you are a coward, a plain coward, whoever you are."

Noticing these words addressed to himself, Johnny Marlow walked away from the crowd in chagrin and confusion. Who had been humiliated? Was it not he himself? The thought stung him to the quick.

While this scene was being enacted, Peggy Burke was busily engaged in her home examining the parcels that had come to her. It was the eve of Christmas Day when everybody usually is eager to know what has come to him in the name of Santa Claus. Two parcels that had come for Peggy were exceptionally large; one had come by mail; the other had been carried to her home. She knew from whom the latter parcel had come; hence she determined to examine it first. Upon removing the wrapper, she found Christmas Greetings from Jimmy Halloran, and these greetings were repeated on the wrappers that enclosed each of the delicate, fragile articles that had to be carried in order that they might arrive in a safe condition. Briefly these articles were found to be: a rubber ball, a go-devil, a set of jacks, a toy steam engine, a tin Lizzie. "Well," exclaimed Peggy, "that poor dunce, Jimmy Halloran, what does he mean? Crazy, crazy lad! One thing alone is missing to complete this outfit—he forgot the monkey whench. To say that I am through with him is saying little. Good-bye, Jimmy!"

After calming her feelings in the face of what she considered little less than an insult, and having thrown aside the junk that had come in Jimmy Halloran's parcel, Peggy turned to examine the other package that had been sent to her, and that looked far more neat and engaging even from the outside. This time she was not disappointed. A prettily engraved card read, "A Most Merry Christmas from Johnny Marlow." There was no repetition of the 'wish' on the separately wrapped packages that, one by one, gave up their contents in the shape of rare candies, perfumes, powders—yes, even a necklace and a ring were among the gifts." How perfectly sensible!" thought Peggy. "Really," she continued in her mind, "Johnny Marlow's taste is nothing behind his pleasing and insinuating manners. Elegant and noble lad he is, this Johnny. Thanks to him; inasmuch as he has added to my good cheer on this Christmas Day, I shall remember him for a long time to come." Nothing among the other gifts that Peggy received engrossed her mind as much as did the gift from Johnny Marlow. She thought of it deep into the night and resolved to make use of it as soon as occasion offered a chance. But that chance was never to come.

The people who had crowded about Jimmy Halloran to compliment him for his heroic deed in saving that child from impending death, gradually dispersed leaving Jimmy free to make his way homeward. On his way he stopped at the Engine House to see if Engine, No. 5, had returned. Yes, the trip had been made for what was little more than a puff of smoke; the horses had been returned to their stalls, and men were cleaning and polishing up the engine carefully for the next call. It was in this work that Jimmy willingly lent a helping hand. 'Pop' Mally, who by this time had been informed of all that had taken

place, was greatly pleased to see Jimmy, and now compliments, more cherished than any and all he had received, came to him from grand old 'Pop.'

"And to think," said Jimmy to 'Pop,' "that Johnny Marlow called me a fool to my face for the risk that I took in saving that child."

"Did you answer him, Jimmy?" inquired old 'Pop.'

"No, I did not," replied Jimmy.

"Very well then, Jimmy, you have a double reason for receiving compliments, one for your brave deed; the other for your manly self-control. But it is now getting late. You had better—"

Clang, clang sounded the alarm and put an end to 'Pop's' words. Instantly everybody was on his feet in Station House, No. 5. "Great goodness!" exclaimed Jimmy as he saw the indicator record 'Caledonia and Roxbury, No. 37'—"that is the very tenement in which Peggy and her mother have their home." For a moment his mind was dazed; then by sheer force of will he swung himself on the engine and urged the driver to the utmost speed.

In what was merely a few minutes, but seemed hours to Jimmy, the fire engine was at its destination.

"Has the building been cleared of its occupants?" nervously inquired Jimmy.

"Yes, yes," answered the people who had gathered to see the fire. But their assurance did not allay Jimmy's excitement.

A shriek of horror suddenly rose from the crowd that caused Jimmy to look about wildly to discover the reason for this outcry. What he presently saw curdled his blood and choked his breath. There at a window four stories from the ground with flames already breaking out on all sides, stood Peggy and her mother frantically waving their arms and screaming

for help. Jimmy rushed for a ladder. 'Pop' Mally saw this and laying an iron hand on the shoulder of the lad, said,

"You haven't a chance, kid, the building will go any minute—we are too late."

But fear had no place in Jimmy's heart now; he was all determination. Wrenching himself free from the heavy hand of 'Pop,' he grabbed a ladder and hooked it to the building. The Olson brothers hurried to his aid as they saw that things must go one way or another now that a start had been made. The ladders were no more than in place, when Jimmy rushed up to the coveted window through smoke and flames with the nimbleness of youth. He spoke not a word; but hastily flung a rope about the shoulders of Mrs. Burk and lowered her to a safety net. As he turned to give aid to Peggy she was gone; the smoke and fright had been too much for her, and she had fainted away in a swoon. Groping about for a few moments in the dense smoke, Jimmy found her lying like dead on the floor. He threw his heavy rubber coat about her, flung her upon his shoulder and rushed through the window. The rungs of the ladder had come to be so hot that they blistered his hands; the smoke practically blinded him; gradually he felt himself slipping; a falling sensation came upon him, and suddenly all was blank.

It was broad daylight when Jimmy Halloran awoke on the following morning of Christmas Day, His extreme surprise at finding himself in a bed at the Station Hospital did not prevent him from asking at once about the safety of Peggy and her mother. He was told that they were both saved by his daring courage; that their home, however, and all their effects were lost, and in fact that they were even

then waiting in the parlor of the Hospital to see him and thank him for saving their lives.

"Bring them in," said Jimmy.

As they entered he sought to extend his hand. It was then that he at first realized that he was wrapped in gauze from head to foot. Their meeting was long and tender; Peggy was most profuse in expressing her thanks while her mother wept at the sight of the suffering that Jimmy had brought upon himself to save her and her daughter from a terrible death. But the good cheer of Christmas soon found its way into the conversation between Jimmy and Peggy as they pledged the warmest undying friendship for each other.

In came old 'Pop' Mally carrying a newspaper. Quickly he read, "Jimmy Halloran famed for two deeds of heroism on Christmas Eve." He threw the paper aside and turning to Jimmy said,

"My lad, I have every reason to feel proud of you; what more could be expected to make anyone feel proud of—?"

"Ah," interrupted Jimmy, "and to think that Johnny Marlow called me a fool for saving that child."

Cornelius Flynn, '29

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

Clem. C. Moore (A Visit from St. Nicholas.)

As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas,
so many happy months will you have.—Old English
Saying.

MR. VALDIMIR'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas was rapidly approaching, but Mike Valdimir paid no attention to it. In fact he had no idea of the significance of Christmas in America. Lured on by the word, liberty, he had very recently left his native land, Roumania, and had emigrated to America in the fond hope that her promises of freedom, wealth, and happiness might be fulfilled in regard to himself and his family. Of course what he wanted above all was money—good hard coin—or, for that matter, whatever represented money. Wealth, yes, wealth was his heartfelt desire. Like many foreigners in his condition, Mike Valdimir sincerely believed that in the "land of the brave and the free" wealth or poverty were matters of personal choice, and that the breezes that soughed through the trees were so agreeable because they made the growing coins jingle, and when ripe, tumble down for anybody to pick up in passing.

It had required a good deal of cajoling to induce Marie Valdimir, Mike's wife, to separate from her parents and kinsfolk, but the thought of the gold and silver that were to be hers; the promise on the part of Mike that she should wear a real tiara in place of a mere haircomb, at length overcame her reluctance. And then the children, oh, what possibilities for them! Daydreams, daydreams, aircastles, fairylands occupied the minds of Mike and Marie during every minute of the ocean voyage which was for them a real Argonautic expedition that could not fail to end in the capture of the golden fleece.

Once they had come to America, Mike and Marie met stern, hard, cold reality. How different was everything from what they had pictured it to be!

Work was just work; dirt was just dirt; and home, ah, what an exploded conceit! They found that tenement living was just plain tenement living in America as well as in Roumania. Money which they had hoped to get so easily could only be had by means of work; and work—that nasty thing—had to be looked for, and when found, it could not even be kept. Though nobody might desire to take work away from his neighbor, yet it had that ugly habit, in America as well as in Roumania, of turning into nothing—vanishing, as it were—just at the time when it was most needed. Three months before Christmas, work had escaped from Mike's grasp, and run and worry as much as he might; he could not run and worry himself into a job.

Oh, why had he come to America after all? Evening upon evening he had to return home with the sad notice that he had not discovered the means by which he might bring daily bread and clothing to his family. Particularly on the last two days before Christmas, Mike almost grew frantic in his efforts to secure employment in order that this great feast might not be less cheerful and even more unhappy than it had ever been for his family in old Roumania. It can readily be imagined how deeply he hated to return home on the very eve of Christmas day with the disappointing intelligence for Marie that he had found nothing to do. As he approached his home on that eve, his heart began to sink, for he knew that upon opening the door he would have to bring sorrow in place of joy to his wife and children.

When finally he entered the house timid and hesitatingly, Marie, who noticed him returning home, rose to meet him. She sought to speak pleasantly as she put the question,

"Sure Mike, you have found work?"

"No, I have not," answered Mike dropping his head and gulping hard. "No work, no food, nothing have I found. I wish for but one thing, namely, money enough to return with you and the children to dear old Roumania. There, at least, we could enjoy the company of loved relatives. At these words, Marie's eyes moistened with tears.

"Mike," she said softly, "we have done everything in this world to find a way out of the difficulties into which we have come; there is but one thing more that we can do, and that is pray God for help."

"Pray? No," replied Mike, "I never had any religion and do not know how to pray. Besides I have looked for work and have worried about work in old Roumania, now in this horrid country I should look for work; worry about work, and should even do one thing more—pray for work. No, pray for work, never."

"Yes, Mike," continued Marie, "we shall have to pray. I really should have religion, but I have neglected it. Tomorrow, however, I shall go to church and pray. Do come with me."

"I do not know what I shall do," answered Mike, "but I shall not stay in this house, no, not until I have found work, and even during this night I shall look for work." While saying these words, he left the house.

As he walked along the street, Mike spoke the following words in his own mind, "If I could only find work, I should surely say a prayer in thanksgiving for that blessing. One thing is certain that if I do not find work soon, I shall have a sick wife on my hands, as Marie will worry the last bit of health and strength out of herself. Good God, give me help!"

An autovan heavily laden with parcels hove into view. Mike shouted to the driver, "Need anybody to help you manage the load?"

"No," returned the driver, "but if you will go to the store where this comes from, you can have a job making special deliveries up to midnight."

Having received the information he needed, Mike hurried to the store. Yes, here work could be had for several hours at least. As midnight came along, he was about to hurry home with the several dollars he had made in the hope of bringing joy to his wife and children. But there was one more errand to run, and that was to the Rectory where Father Lyons, the pastor of St. Mary's church, had his home. On his way to the Rectory, he passed the massive church building already all illuminated for the midnight Mass; but that had no meaning for him. As he delivered the parcels, he met Father Lyons, who was just going over to the church.

"Sir," said Mike to the pastor, "this is the end of my job, do you know where any work may be had?"

"Yes, certainly," was the answer, "you can have the job of janitor at \$150.00 a month and a free house for living."

Mike made no reply; he was amazed, so thoroughly amazed that he could not speak.

"Did you understand?" enquired Father Lyons. Mike managed to mumble something like a 'yes.'

"Then come with me to the church, as your job is to begin at this very hour," said Father Lyons, and he conducted Mike to the furnace room.

"Keep this fire stirred well, and after you have the furnace thoroughly heated, come into the church and attend Mass." Mike listened to the instructions given by Father Lyons carefully; but what could he mean by 'attend Mass?' Well, he resolved to find out.

"Another thing," said the pastor, "you will have to be here again at five o'clock in the morning and keep the church heated until noon; then again for

evening services. Later in the day I shall give you instructions as to the particulars of your job."

"Very well, very well," answered Mike, "I am glad to do anything, for it is work that I want."

After some time had elapsed, and the church was filled with people, Mike went to find out what Father Lyons meant by saying "attend Mass." He took his place well to the rear of the church, and wondered what all the singing and devotion meant. "Can this be prayer?" He put the question to himself, and sought to join in by kneeling or standing as he observed others doing. But he was beside himself with surprise when among the people who received Holy Communion he saw his own wife, Marie, returning to her seat. Not knowing what it all signified, he slipped up to her and said quite audibly. "I am janitor of this church, I am janitor of this church!" Marie waved him aside and continued her devotions.

Mike did not see Marie again until noon on Christmas Day. On the previous evening he had entered his home dejected, hesitatingly, even in utter desperation. Now he burst through the door, happy and jubilant. He had work; he had money. America was at last coming to be the land of promise for him. Even this great feast was not to pass without joy and cheer for his hard-pressed family.

"How happy I felt in that church this morning," finally ventured Mike as he detailed his experiences of the day to Marie. "If that is religion, I want more of it," he continued. "Yesterday all was gloom, despair, misery; today all is joy, happiness and the best of cheer. Really is that what prayer and what I witnessed in church this morning can do? If so, then put me down as one having religion and as a church member."

"You will have to go to Father Lyons for that,"

Marie answered to the effusive protestations of Mike; "and once you have learned what Mass and Communion mean, then you too can share these blessings with me. There is a saying, Mike," continued Marie, "a saying that I heard in old Roumania. It is simply this: 'Where need is great; God is near.' Can you remember it?"

"Yes, that is plain to me now," returned Mike, "God must have been near when just yesterday at this hour, in gloom and dejection, I called upon Him for help. Yes, yes, truly, 'Where need is great; God is near.' "

Edmund Binsfeld, '31

NOEL

The snow in silv'ry silence fell,
And softly cov'ring hill and dell,
Adorned all earth with dazzling white,
That glistened in the starry night.

The chimes had tolled the midnight hour,
When from each church's belfry tow'r,
Heraldic bells mankind did tell,
"Rejoice! Rejoice! Noel! Noel!"

Through snow-bound paths, ere Christmas morn
Had dawned to say, "The Savior's born,"
The countless Christians trod their way,
To worship Christ on Christmas Day.

They joined the heav'nly choirs above,
To sing th' eternal song of love,
"To God may glory never cease,
On earth to men of good-will, peace."

J. Willard Baechle, '30

CHRISTMAS VIGIL

The heavens smile with starry light
Upon the slumbering earth below,
Which nestles 'neath that mantle white
Where enters neither care nor woe.

Now o'er the hills of Bethlehem,
In spirit, shepherds guard their fold,
While angel voices sing for them
The ancient anthem sweet and old.

Across the plains they quickly go
To pay their homage to their Lord,
That God upon them may bestow
His blessed peace and sweet accord.

Let man in adoration kneel
In silent worship of his King;
And in his soul, ah, let him feel
That anthem which the angels sing.

Victor J. Pax '30

Hail to the King of Bethlehem
Who weareth in His diadem
The yellow corcus for the gem of His authority!

—Longfellow

Love of truth will bless the lover all his days;
yet when he brings her home, his fair-faced bride,
she comes empty-handed to his door, herself her only
dower.—Theodore Parker.

The courage we desire and prize is not the
courage to die decently, but to live manfully.—Car-
lyle.

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EDITORIALS

What a treasure of thoughts are conjured up in the mind at the mention of the word "Christmas!" Christmas is the season when nature decks herself in a spotless garb of white, when men both young and old, rich and poor join in the song of merriment, and forget their sorrows and sufferings, their hates and strifes—all in this happy season.

But why does the world celebrate with unstinted joy this festive day? Alas, how many consider it as the season of feasting, a time to remember friendships by bestowing gifts, a day of merry-making and festivities without giving one thought to Him, the Babe of Bethlehem, Who was born on this day? How few celebrate Christmas in commemoration of Christ's threefold birth: His birth from all eternity, His hu-

man birth at Bethlehem, and His spiritual birth in the heart of every individual? In this age of "fast" living and "business first," men have little time to give to spiritual delights. Year by year a mundane spirit, a worldly attitude is pervading more and more the season of Christmas. And in spite of its spiritual suggestiveness even the beautiful name "Christmas" is slowly giving place to that pagan word "Yuletide."

Even greetings in the form of cards no longer convey suggestions of the birth at Bethlehem but depict only the earthly side of Christmas, its gifts, its bells, its holly and laurel wreaths, and its thousands of electric bulbs gleaming among the pine and cypress trees.

To appreciate fully the true significance of this unparalleled feast one must turn to the Catholic Church whose liturgy in every word and act proclaims this as the

"Most illustrious of the days of time;
Day full of joy and benison to earth,
For Thou wast born, sweet Babe of Bethlehem."

O. F. Missler.

Because every photograph of Father Finn which I have seen corresponded with my preconceived notion of how that "discoverer of the American boy" should look, may have been one reason for my feeling as if I had sustained a personal loss when early last month I learned of the Rev. Francis J. Finn's death. This feeling of personal loss was shared, no doubt, by many other American boys as well as by those older people who were American boys in the not long distant past. Mere resemblance to a preconceived mental portrait, however, does not sufficiently account for the strong regard which other American boys and I entertain for Father Finn. Our love for the delight-

ful story-teller is based on something deeper.

Every boy who has come in contact with Father Finn through "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," "Harry Dee," or any other of the works of Father Finn must admit that he has been the better for knowing the man who so well understood the American boy. It was Maurice Francis Egan who said that Father Finn was the discoverer of the American boy. Father Finn not only discovered the American boy but he also found out that the American boy was an idealist who had higher ideals than those of a dime novel hero.

The fact that Father Finn's heroes were good boys and not goody-goody boys; the fact that Father Finn's heroes were human and not super-human; and the fact that Father Finn's heroes, although exhibiting a manly piety, never carried their religion on their sleeves enabled American boys to realize that they could emulate Tom Playfair and Claude Lightfoot without becoming in the least sissified. When a boy realizes that there is a wide gap between a pious boy and a sissy boy, piety and virtue don't seem half so hard as they might have seemed to that boy.

When a man has done a great service, a memorial to him is usually erected. I shall not suggest that a memorial be erected to Father Finn's memory; his books and his charitable and educational work will keep his memory alive for a long time. I shall suggest, however, that those men—and there are many of them—who have been benefited in the past by Father Finn's books, honor him in a special manner at Christmas time. They could do this in a very splendid manner by seeing to it that at least one nephew or little boy acquaintance of theirs receive a Father-Finn book for Christmas.

T. Corcoran

EXCHANGES

Despite the fact that an exchange editor may at times be fastidious and may even be styled an "old crank," we of the exchange department wish to make it evident that all work is judged with due consideration and only in as far as it may advance or retard the progress of college journalism. Whether our criticism is praise or otherwise, please accept it as our honest opinion. As for praise, ours is but supplementary to that unalloyed and truly meritorious praise of which the recipient is his own donor. For who can add to the fullness of that praise which each of us feels in the smile, in the contented play of features, when at our desks we entertain happy thoughts and weave them into some ingenious literary fabric.

The November number of the CHRONICLE, Wright High School, New Orleans, La., is, in the language of a freshman, a "swell number." We cannot refrain from complimenting the editors of this paper on their artistic cover design. It is, by far, the neatest and most original we have seen on our table for some time. All the stories evince talent, and show that their authors have an idea of what a short story should be. The plot and its unraveling in "The Ashton Mansion Murder" makes it, to our way of thinking, the best of the articles. "At The Fort of El Akabar" is also a good piece of composition. While not wishing to discourage story writing, we think that an essay should be substituted for one of the stories. This would make a better balanced literary section.

An attractive paper which savors strongly of the land of its birth, is THE PURPLE AND WHITE,

Sandwich, Ontario. The paper is fresh with visions of youth. Judging from the articles, we would say that the fine arts are diligently courted by the staff. From all appearance, the exchange department will be very skillfully conducted this year.

It is indeed a pleasure for an exchange editor to review a magazine such as THE NAZARENE from Kalamazoo County, Michigan. First of all, it has an appearance that is pleasing. The essays and poems are little gems; but it is with some hesitation that we would classify "What's a Step-Mother" as a real short story. An asset to any college journal is an exchange department. We hope that The Nazarene will have one soon.

After perusing THE CENTRIC from cover to cover, we have nothing but praise for its clever articles. Evidently the exchange editor is thoroughly at home in her work.

A journal to which one can always turn with the certainty of finding well-written articles is THE BAY LEAF, Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania. It has a literary flavor about it that appeals not less to the casual than to the attentive reader. The poetry is of a high type. "Marywood" is a very able poem, but since it is not from the pen of a student, it falls not within the pale of our criticism. Had The Bay Leaf an exchange department, it would be an ideal college journal.

Our congratulations to THE GOTHIC—it is a worthy product. Brevity and beauty of language characterize the essays. Where there is such aptitude for prose as is displayed in The Gothic, surely there is also some ability for poetry. Finding only one poem, it is needless for us to say that there exists no proper balance between prose and poetry. We suggest that The Gothic be improved by adding just a little humor.

To all our exchanges we extend the greeting of a Merry Christmas, and may the peace and joy of Yuletide reign in every heart.

We are grateful for the following exchanges received during the last month:

The Academy News, St. Mary's High School, Loraine, Ohio; The Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia; The Blue and White, Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan; The Brown and White, St. Francis Preparatory Seminary, Mt. Healthy, Ohio; The Burr, Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; The Calvert News, Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan; The Brown Campion Preparatory School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; The Clarion, Williamstown High School, Williamstown, W. Virginia; The Field Afar, Maryknoll, New York; The Gavel, Notre Dame High School, Covington, Kentucky; The Gonzaga Bulletin, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington; The H. C. C. Journal, Hays Catholic College, Hays, Kansas; The Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's Kansas; The Look-A-Head, St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio; The Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois; The Marian, St. Mary's High School, Columbus, Ohio; The Red and Blue, St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, California; The Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Indiana; The St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois; The V. A. Life, Vermont Academy, Saxton Rivers, Vermont; The Vista, Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio; The Warrior, Oakdale High School, Oakdale, Louisiana; The Wendelette, St. Wendeline High School, Fostoria, Ohio.

The greater the obstacle the more glory in overcoming it.—Moliere.

LIBRARY NOTES

It was not many years back when libraries were regarded as storehouses of books with no other purpose in view than that of mere preservation of the precious codices. Once classified and put on their respective shelves, books were left to collect the dust of years; in many instances, it might be said that they had been consigned to their last resting place, and as safely entombed as the Pharaohs of Egypt. To get into a library was difficult—was even discouraged, and to borrow a book was an impossibility. From this bibliotaphic idea of the library as a sacrosanctum, the mere use of which would be a desecration of the works of the illustrious dead, libraries have gradually changed until at the present day they have not only become a source of help and pleasure to everyone, but verily a necessity.

The trouble today is not with the library, but with the persons using it. In bygone days when people went to a library, they knew what they wanted but could not obtain what they wanted: libraries had short hours for service, books were not cataloged, service was insufficient, or eager seekers would not be trusted with books. Today, on the contrary, when people can procure anything and everything, they do not know what they want. This widespread helplessness on the part of many people to find what they want, or even to explain what they want, causes much difficulty. A library may be well equipped, judiciously selected, perfectly cataloged, admirably arranged, comfortably furnished, and yet fail to serve its purpose because people do not know how to use it.

Facilities and working knowledge must go hand in hand. Merely to be able to go up to the service

desk and ask for a book whose title has come to a person accidentally or upon recommendation and to read the book is a small accomplishment indeed. To do it frequently or even regularly is better only in as far as the frequency of a poor endeavor is superior to a single performance. Any intelligent child of ten years can do it; and it is encouraging to see how many of them there are that do it. But such activity certainly does not indicate any knowledge of the facilities of a library.

At this point an enumeration of the services of a library might be in place, but bare enumeration makes no impression. Look around; conduct a little investigation of your own and see for yourself. Right at the start, however, a few cautions may be in place if you expect to have a successful expedition.

Do not stop with the first author who confronts you, or, what is worse, with the first one to whom you are introduced by a person less judicious than yourself. Go around the circle of authors and masters in the various fields of bookdom and make your own first-hand acquaintances. Have a roll-call and see who is present. If you are timid, start out with the writers with whom you have had a previous acquaintance—the story writers, let's say, of any caliber you like. Do not waste too much time in playing games of football and baseball in books. Such indoor sports do not build up the mind very much, and certainly they do nothing for the body.

Do not stop too long at the detective stories lest their very authors size you up as one of the brainless fellows who can not see through their foibles of shifting the scenes to suit their own purpose. An over-fondness for mechanically contrived stories will not do very much to win the respect of even their authors, who probably themselves despised

this kind of writing, and stooped to it only because they could not raise themselves to something higher.

Let me repeat. Do not take any other person's opinion for the merit or demerit of any writers. Get acquainted with them personally. Visit them in their own apartments; give them the "once-over;" and size them up for yourself. On first inspection, do not stop too long with any one author unless he has exceptional attractions. He may be worth further acquaintance, but your time is too limited; you must get around to a host of other men. Then too, always try to get men and women in their best and most typical moods. Take what is generally considered their best work. You may like it, or you may not; but remember, it must be an odd character whose likes and dislikes constantly and persistently run counter to the consensus of opinion.

Bid farewell even to the men and women with whom you fall in love. Do it graciously. Tell them that you will see them again. They will not feel slighted or "passed up;" they will understand; they are big-minded men who want you to get the best. If they feel otherwise about it, they have received too much of your time already. All great men have been selective; and it was this characteristic of not being satisfied with mediocrity that made them great; they will not gainsay you the same advantages.

Again be careful! Do not confuse notability with notoriety. This is a caution that cannot be stressed too often, especially in connection with the highly advertised present-day writers, who in many cases are the quacks of the literary profession. Real merit needs not stoop to the support of base commercial methods; it will be recognized sooner or later on its own merits though for the time being it may be overshadowed. Trace back the Best Sellers of only

fifteen years ago. Where are they today? Not only have they disappeared from the advertisement pages, but from the book catalogs as well. They are dead, and, in many cases, have not had friends enough to keep them from the potter's field of bookdom.

The fact also that a book has been accorded the compliment of a selection by one of the many Book-of-the-Mouth, or kindred clubs, does not add anything to the quality of the book. A book's merit, as a man's character, consists in its intrinsic value, and not in the fact that it was fortunate enough to please the whims of some particular judges at some particular time, for some particular purpose.

But we are drifting, and besides, why stop so long with the writers of fiction, many of whom, at best, have only a selfish motive in holding your attention? Why not go on to the writers who have something more worthwhile to offer—to the men and women, careless only about themselves, who spent their lives to give others the fruits of their activities? They are the poets, the assayists, the lecturers in every field of learning, the dramatists, the historians, the biographers, the travelers, the educators, the men in every division of science, from the interesting observers of nature in her every-day activities to the keen discoverers of nature's most impenetrable secrets.

And while you are getting acquainted, do not forget the host of inspirational writers. Some of them were highly gifted, and others were less gifted, but more sympathetic and kindlier of approach; they have doubled and trebled the talents given them; and now in gratitude for their own success, they eagerly pass on their experiences to others, uttering a hint of warning here and a word of encouragement there; always cheerful, always stimulating, with a mind

singly upon the welfare of fellowmen. They have their representatives in every sphere of life: the industrial, the commercial, the social, the moral, and the spiritual; and in every modality of that sphere. These are the men and the women whom you should meet not only in the library, but whom you should have about you, and consult at every turn, to guide you and to stimulate you, to encourage you, and to cheer you; theirs are the books that should find their way into your own private collection of books.

But you say that your time is up and you must be about some other business. As to that you ought to be the best judge of your own affairs and can best proportion your time. While librarians should much like to see people have more business in the library, they have a policy never to interfere with other people's plans. The authors enjoyed your little visit with them and are looking forward with pleasure to see you again. If you think that you have made very much progress in your investigation of the facilities of the library, you are badly mistaken. All you have done so far was to receive a few cautions in getting started on the investigation; you have been told a few things about the kindness of authors, and the helpfulness of books; but all these things have been merely preliminary proceedings, and they have been so general that, unless you proceed in the further investigation, you have not grasped the first idea of the purposes and facilities of a library. May we see you again?

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
Welcome Merry Christmas.

W. R. Spencer

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Because the popularity and reputation of the C. L. S. depend in a great measure upon the success of its major productions, the Society always takes an intense interest in its public programs. Just as the annual football games help to whet one's appetite for the Thanksgiving turkey, so, at St. Joe's, the C. L. S. play is traditionally an essential part of Thanksgiving.

On Thanksgiving Eve, November 28, the Columbians established a high standard for their year's work, by the presentation of Willard Mack's four-act play, entitled "Kick In." Quite in contrast to the Thanksgiving play of last year, which for two hours evoked bursts of roaring laughter, "Kick In" was characterized by the tense situations which it presented; it was a melodrama, rather than a comedy. The play, however, was by no means devoid of laughs. Although at times the plot became so lively and interesting that the audience did not crave humor, nevertheless comedy was mingled with seriousness just enough to relieve the tenseness of the situation.

Richard Aubry, the most prominent participant in "Kick In," very cleverly portrayed the difficult role of "Chick Hewes." The ease and determination with which he conducted himself gave the audience the impression that the incidents of the play were an actual part of his life. It will be some time before the audience will forget the wonderful work of Albert Gordon as Charles Cary, the dope fiend, because this role was played almost to perfection. Evoking laughter at one minute by his arguments with the persons brought into his office, and making himself

disliked at another minute by his sternness, James Stapleton aptly represented Deputy Commissioner Garvey. When a villain can make his audience hate him, he is playing his part successfully; this is the reason that Francis Matthews carried the role of the immobile "Whip" Fogarty in a manner characteristic of a stern detective. It is well to mention here that, although Francis Matthews had wrenched the ligaments in his leg several days before the play, he had the courage to lay aside his crutches in order to play his important role, and even to go into a stage tussle without showing a sign of his pain. Jack Diggs, another detective, was well represented in the person of Joseph Schill, while "Old Tom" and "Gus" were aptly portrayed by William Neuhaus and William Pike respectively.

The surprise of the evening was pleasantly given by the female impersonators: Henry Alig as Molly, Virgil Van Oss as Daisy, Roman Missler as Mrs. Helleron, Paul Boltz as Memphis Bessie, and John Baechle as Myrtle Sylvester. Popular local opinion places the female impersonators of "Kick In" on a par with those of past years.

All in all, both the leading and the minor characters acted well enough to bring honor to themselves and to enhance the reputation of the C. L. S. The overwhelming success of "Kick In" was a treat for the audience, and it will certainly be an incentive to the success of future C. L. S. productions. The society will make its next appearance on the evening of December 21 with the mysterious melodrama "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

NEWMAN CLUB

It is to be regretted that this issue of the Collegian goes to press before the presentation of the Newman Club's play "Adam's Apple." With their

anxiety stimulated by the Thanksgiving play, "Kick In," the students are eager to see what the Neman Club has in store for them when the curtain rises for "Adam's Apple." The date of this presentation has been changed from December 8, to December 9.

The Newman Club has had the misfortune of losing its critic, Warren Abrahamson, who left St. Joseph's about a month ago. In his stead the society, at the meeting of November 25, elected Ralph Boker, who has proved himself worthy of this important office. The society is very proud of its president, Rouleau Joubert, because he has been taking unusual interest in the Newman Club. He frequently enlivens the meetings with interesting little talks on timely subjects. These talks help to arouse interest in all Newman activities. That is the feature which spells success for any society—enthusiasm.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

One of the most orderly and pleasant meetings that the Dwenger Mission Unit has held in recent years was the meeting of November 10. The attendance at the meeting was exceptionally large, and the discussion of various topics under miscellaneous business helped to make the meeting interesting.

Particularly pleasant, however, was the timely little program presented by the Fourth Class members of the mission unit. Thomas Clayton, vividly picturing Oriental scenes and customs, gave an interesting and instructive talk on India. In the form of a comical black-face monologue Joseph Sheeran cleverly entertained the society, at the same time instructing the audience on the Negro missions. The program was aptly concluded by a short mission play the scene of which was laid in China. This little play, written by a member of the D. M. U. was interesting as well

as instructive. The cast of characters was as follows: Edmund Binsfeld, Lawrence Gowney, Leonard Cross and Lawrence Grothause.

The chief activity of the society this year was the collecting of clothing, reading matter, and various other articles for the huge Christmas box which was sent to St. Joseph's Catholic Mission at Culdesac, Idaho. For the past few years this project has been an annual undertaking of the D. M. U., but this year sufficient material was accumulated to excel the work of other years. If this little deed will serve to make someone happy, then the object of the Dwenger Mission Unit is being accomplished.

RALEIGH CLUB

After almost three months of suspense and worry on the part of the candidates, "It" is finally a thing of the past; and the happy feature of the whole affair is the fact that everybody is still well and happy. "It" was the Raleigh Club initiation, carried out with all the usual solemnity on Sunday afternoon, December 2. After several weeks of smoking corn-cob pipes, the victims of the initiation eagerly returned to their well-caked briars—the old standbys. The initiation was well planned, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present (especially the spectators). The stubborn old goat, however, is again locked up for several months; and now that the candidates have bravely faced and endured the ordeal, they deserve the distinction of being full-fledged members of the Raleigh Club—the club that stands for good times and good-fellowship.

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.
—James Oliver.

ALUMNI NOTES

Several items of news that reached the Alumni Editor during the past month very strikingly illustrate the work done by Alumni members of St. Joseph's College in the various fields of endeavor in which they happen to be employed.

In the November issue of "The Magazine of Wall Street" was a very interesting and instructive article contributed by Joseph Conrad Bechtold. "The Story of a Successful Investor" is the title of the article referred to. Mr. Bechtold, it will be remembered, is an alumnus from the class of '26, and is also the donor of the beautiful set of electric chimes in the college chapel.

"The New World" of November 23 contains an article referring to the Rt. Rev. Rudolph A. Gerken, D. D. Besides the interesting and novel plan set forth to meet certain mission problems in the Southwest, there is another and even more interesting phase to this article, and that is Bishop Gerkin himself. St. Joseph's is proud to claim him as its first and only Bishop. The diocese of Amarillo, Texas, which contains seventy counties is in Bishop Gerken's charge. Many difficulties confront the Bishop —his diocese is a pioneer field, there are financial difficulties, there is a shortage of priests, sisters, and catechists, and four-fifths of his flock is made up of poor Mexicans. An appeal to Catholic young ladies to volunteer their services free for one year as teachers under the direction of the Sisters in his diocese is the gist of Bishop Gerken's plan as related in "The New World." A number of young ladies have already responded to the Bishop's call. More, however, are needed. Action is imperative as many of the Mex-

icans are in danger of losing their faith for want of instructions and of other religious help. The Collegian sincerely hopes that the Bishop's call will receive a generous response. The Collegian also wishes to assure His Lordship that St. Joseph's will stand behind him as one man, doing all in its power to work for the success of his undertakings by prayer and by whatever other assistance it can offer.

The Alumni Editor takes this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of another enthusiastic letter from Mr. Ray F. Yeager. Many thanks, Mr. Yeager, for your kind wishes for the success of the Collegian. You are correct. Father Fehrenbacher is the same "Fritz" Fehrenbacher to whom you have referred.

Once again Mr. Yeager expresses his earnest desire to hear from the members of the class of '24 and among other things writes the following: "Wish to extend the invitation to each and every one of them, (class of '24), to stop at Cumberland whenever they are in this part of the country, as I want to give them a taste of real Dixie hospitality. Ray F. Yeager, 14 South Chase St., Cumberland, Maryland."

A happy and holy Christmas, a New Year filled with the blessings of good health, happiness, and success is the sincere wish of the writer of these notes, as well as of the entire Collegian staff, to all the Alumni of St. Joseph's College.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Tennyson

You can lose time in walking, standing, sitting, or lying down, but not kneeling.

—Austin O'Malley.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. John Kostik, C. PP. S., Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. John Raycroft, C. PP. S., Detroit Mich.; The Rev. Wm. Hordeman, Frankfort, Ind.; The Very Rev. Othmar Knapke, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio; The Rev. John C. Wester, Chicago, Ill.; The Rev. Hubert Seiferle, C. PP. S., Chicago, Ill.; The Rev. Nicholas Huemmer, Monterery, Ind.; The Rev. Aloys. Feldhaus, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio; The Rev. John Bapst, Mishawaka, Ind.; The Rev. Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S., Burkettsville, Ohio; The Rev. Andrew Zoller, Louisville, Ky.; The Rev. Leo Scheetz, Auburn, Ind.

As far as entertainment is concerned, the month of November presented a series of programs that must have proved satisfactory even to the most fastidious or disgruntled resident of Collegeville.

On Sunday evening, November 11, the students received a pleasant surprise in the form of a moving picture show in the College auditorium. "Beau Geste" was the feature of the evening. Two extra reels—a Pathe Review, together with Pathe News—helped to make the evening's program even more interesting and enjoyable.

When the Reverend Prefect of Discipline made an announcement in the junior refectory advising the students to watch for "Blue Skies" on the following day, he perhaps little expected to arouse as much curiosity as was actually stirred up by this remark. Rumors and opinions were freely and copiously expressed all over the place—on the campus, in the gymnasium, in the smoking club, in the refectory, and even in the studyhall. Some frankly admitted that

they were stumped, others suggested that the remark was merely a forecast of the morrow's weather. One intrepid soul even ventured to suggest that there existed a relation between Father Paluszak's statement and the possibility of the return of the Very Reverend Rector from Washington, D. C., by airplane. Nothing remained to do, however, but to wait for the following day's happenings. The next day the big secret leaked out. "Blue Sky" was the name of an Indian chief, reputed to be the grand-nephew of Sitting Bull. At 3:30 p. m. the students were assembled in the auditorium and had the pleasure of witnessing a novel performance with Chief Blue Sky officiating. Indian dances, mimicking of animal and bird calls, and the explanation of some Indian signs comprised the most and better part of the Chief's activities. Unearthly howls would now and then pierce the air from the direction of the groves around St. Joseph's several days after the Chief's appearance here. Perhaps some of the students know something about this phenomenon.

Saturday evening, November 17, the auditorium rang with the dulcet notes of piano and violin played by a troupe of artists of the first degree; namely, Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Lhevinne and their eight-year-old son Laddy. Time and time again a roar of applause expressed the approval of the audience. Laddy, perhaps, received the biggest hand of the evening and rightly so. The writer of this sketch had the pleasure of a personal chat with this youthful prodigy and will say that the lad's ability does not stop with his piano playing, but that in conversation he also shows a degree of intelligence remarkable for a child of his age. The program consisted of numerous selections from the old masters, Mozart and Bach, then a few lighter selections were rendered on the violin by Mrs. Gray-Lhevinne. Laddy confined

his program to several selections from Mozart and Bach. Mr. Gray-Lhevinne accompanied his wife on the piano. The students of music were delighted with this program which held a charm for all.

Thanksgiving Day passed quite uneventfully, considering it on the basis of candidates for the infirmary, but in other respects the celebration of this holiday at St. Joe's was all one could desire. After the High Mass celebrated by the Rev. I. Rapp, C. PP. S., the annual College-High School championship tilt for football supremacy of the school was played. As usual the Sisters lived up to their reputation by presenting the students and faculty with a Thanksgiving dinner that would be hard to beat. In the afternoon, the students were granted permission to go to town. Practically all of them witnessed the movie "Old Ironsides" at the new Palace Theatre. Everyone was back from town by five o'clock tired and willing to call it a perfect day.

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Sixths -----	4	0	1.000	39	0
Fifths -----	3	1	.750	50	9
Thirds -----	2	2	.500	25	25
Fourths -----	1	3	.250	7	37
Seconds -----	0	4	.000	10	66

SIXTHS WIN SENIOR PENNANT

The Sixths won the Senior League championship on Armistice Day when they nosed out the hitherto undefeated Fifths, last year's champs, by a 2-0 count in a hair-raising game. With the championship at

stake, these two closely-matched elevens battled neck and neck to a scoreless tie for three quarters; and the verdict was not reached until when but two minutes remained in the final period. At this point, "Sal" Dreiling of the Fifths was attempting to punt out of danger from behind his own goal-line, when Hartke, flashy Sixth Year end, broke through and blocked the kick. Van Oss of the Fifths scooped up the ball but was downed behind his goal-line for a safety—giving the Sixths two points, the victory, and the pennant. Shortly after this play the game ended, and the rooters hoisted Captain Aubry of the Sixths upon their shoulders and carried him from the field a la "Red" Grange.

The teams battled on even terms for three quarters, but the final period went to the Sixths by a wide margin. The Fifths made two sensational stands during the last quarter when they repulsed the Sixths who twice carried the pigskin within the Fifths' five-yard mark and on both occasions had "first down and goal to go." It was the greatest exhibition of the never-say-die spirit that we have witnessed on the local gridiron for a long time.

The Aubry-coached Sixths went through the entire season without the loss of a game, and without being scored upon. Incidentally, this was the third consecutive pennant won by the present Sixth Year, they having copped the basketball and baseball championships last year.

THIRDS 9, FOURTHS 7

The Thirds accomplished two things when they conquered their old rivals, the Fourths, by a 9-7 count on November 18;—they cinched third place in the league standing, and they got "sweet revenge"

for the defeat dished out to them last year by the Fourths.

The Thirds won the game in the third quarter, when Hoover tossed a short pass to Captain Blommer who made a spectacular run for a touchdown, zig-zagging his way thirty yards through the entire Fourth Year aggregation. The Fourths were out in front at the half by 7-3. Cross scored the Fourths' lone touchdown in the second quarter on a line smash, after some flashy ball-toting by Bucher had placed his team in a scoring position. Strasser gave the Thirds a three-point lead in the first quarter when he sent a pretty field-goal over the bars from the twenty-yard line.

The final whistle cut short a belated Fourth Year aerial attack which had advanced the oval from their own ten-yard strip to the Thirds' thirty-yard line.

COLLEGE 0, HIGH SCHOOL 0

While the band played "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here," Referee Puetz's whistle sent the College and High School elevens against each other in St. Joe's Turkey Day grid classic, and after four quarters of battling, such as only a College-High game can produce, the warriors left the field of battle deadlocked in a scoreless tie. Yes, the old dope bucket received another upset, and this time the High School did the upsetting.

Although slightly outplayed, but never outfought, the High School, in achieving a tie won a moral victory and secured revenge for last year's 18-0 defeat at the hands of the College crew. For the College, the outcome was a big disappointment, as all indications pointed to a rather easy victory over their High School rivals.

Three times during the fray, the College carried the ball to its opponents' twenty-yard line, but each time the fighting spirit of the High School was not to be denied. The High School eleven had its only scoring chance of the game during the third quarter, when, after a determined High School drive had finally been checked on the College thirty-five yard line, Strasser's attempted field goal from that mark was unsuccessful. The game ended in a flurry of excitement. The High School was given a real scare during the last two minutes of the final quarter when "Sal" Dreiling, standing on his own 30-yard line, shot a twenty-yard pass into the waiting hands of Grot, College halfback, and "Heine" ran thirty more yards through a broken field before he was finally downed on the High School 20-yard line. But, after a long pass over High's goal line was grounded, the College lost the ball on downs, and the battle ended a few seconds later.

The College aggregation chalked up five first downs against the High School's three—both teams making three during the hectic third quarter. The College attempted ten forward passes, of which three were completed for a total gain of sixty yards, one was intercepted, and six grounded. The High School boys attempted but two passes, one of which was intercepted, and the other grounded.

Grot and Barge bore the brunt of the College's offensive attack, while Hoover and Wirtz were the backfield luminaries for the High School. Strasser, Szemetko, Schmitt, and Maloney were the main factors in repulsing the College attack.

LINEUP:—HIGH SCHOOL: Strasser, L. E.; Szemetko, L. T.; Bishop, L. G.; B. Dreiling, C.; Storch, R. G.; Schmitt, R. T.; Maloney, R. E.; Blommer, Q.; Hoover, L. H.; Modrijan, R H.; Wirtz, F. COLLEGE:

Hartke, L. E.; Pollak, L. T.; Guillozet, L. G.; Friedrich, C.; M. Dreiling, R. G.; Goubeaux, R. T.; Weigel, R. E.; Aubry, Q.; Grot, L. H.; Babin, R. H.; Connor, F.

Substitutions—High School: Parr, Riedlinger, Siebeneck, Gengler, Conroy, Reino, Duray, Toth, Tatar. COLLEGE: Kraus, Gillig, Weiner, Vanecko, Homsey, Junk, W. Dreiling, Van Oss, Barge, Faber, Uhrich.

Officials:—Referee, Puetz; Umpire, Weis; Head-linesman, Wissert.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Lion Tamers	1	0	2	1.000	22	6
Tornadoes	1	1	1	.500	6	16
Comets	0	0	3	.000	6	6
Trojans	0	1	2	.000	0	6

LION TAMERS WIN PENNANT

Coach Dick Aubry's Lion Tamers cinched the pennant in the Junior League on November 25, when they fought to a 6 to 6 tie with the Comets in the final game of the Junior League season. The Lion Tamers needed only a tie to cop the league championship, while a victory for the Comets would have thrown these two teams into a deadlock for first place.

The Lion Tamers led at the half by 6-0, having scored late in the second quarter when Nardeccia, on a reverse play, circled left end for a touchdown. The Comets rallied during the final quarter, and pushed over the tying touchdown during the last minute of play. After several line smashes had placed the pigskin on the Lion Tamers' fifteen-yard line, Windholz, Comet fullback, sprinted around left end for fifteen yards and a touchdown. The Comets' chances

for a one-point victory faded when C. Maloney's kick for the extra point was blocked.

Bartlett, Windholz, and Captain Snyder were the outstanding performers for the Comets, while the defensive playing of Bloemer at center was the real feature of the game, and helped make the Lion Tamers a constant threat to their opponents, the Comets.

ALL-STAR TEAMS FOR 1928

Position	Senior I	Senior II	Junior
L. E.	Weigel	Pike	Bartlett
L. T.	Gillig	Goubeaux	Pawalak
L. G.	E. Guillozet	Riedlinger	C. Maloney
C.	Friedrich	Homsey	Burnell
R. G.	M. Dreiling	R. Guillozet	Altieri
R. T.	Schmitt	Pollak	Fleming
R. E.	Hartke	Strasser	Naughton
Q.	Aubry (Capt.)	Van Oss	M. Vichuras
L. H.	Blommer	Matthews	Bubala
R. H.	Barge	Grot	I. Vichuras (Capt.)
F.	Connor	Wirtz (Capt.)	Windholz

Honorable Mention: Senior League: Babin, Kirchner, Wissert, Tartar, Toth, Rehberger, Modrijan, Follmar, B. Dreiling, Szemetko, Cross, Faber.

Junior League: Weihe, Langhals, Mitchell, Bloemer, Snyder, Smith, Nardeccia.

The players whose names appear above have been selected in view of their all-around football ability and good sportsmanship. To pick an all-star team, in any sport, is no easy matter, but in the judgment of the writer, who was aided by a committee of competent football critics, this array of gridders comprises the best to be found at St. Joe. With this notice, the curtain drops on Collegeville's 1928 football season.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

DO YOU RECALL?

We will always remember the days now gone by—
We were just little kiddies, both you and I;
Our fond mothers would say to us: "Now go to bed,
For Santa is coming with reindeer and sled."

We would scamper to bed and say all of our prayers,
And ask God to help Santa distribute his wares;
Then we'd soon fall asleep and have dreams of the
snow

That was falling wherever dear Santa would go.

And then, needless to say, we were first to awake,
And we'd work ev'ry toy just to see if 'twould break.
We were happy to see the good things on the tree,
And watch chiefly the candles all burning with glee.

If you never forget those dear days that you've had,
Dear old Santa will still come if you are not bad.
We will always remember those fond days gone by—
We were just little kiddies, both you and I.

Earl M. Schmit '30

"It is no use, Madame," sighed the little professor, "Onze I play on ze white keys, zen on ze black, and always you sing somewhares in ze cracks."

Billybumpy—"Ma'am, will you give me something to eat?"

Housewife—"I'll fetch my husband if—"

Billybumpy—"Ma'am, pray do not trouble, my race has given up cannibalism for generations."

DAD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

How the wind sweeps thru the hawthorn!
 (Got to fix that dratted fog-horn.)
 Gee, that holly sure looks pretty!
 (Must lay aside ten bucks for Kitty.)
 The Yuletide cheer returns once more!
 (Ought to get a new front door.
 And Molly wants a dress and hat;
 Just where to get the dough for that?)

Chorus:

Go in hock till next September,
 Then for nine months you'll remember!
 Money, meenie, mighty, more!
 It comes but once a year!!!

Raffels—"I've just refreshed myself with a boiled dinner."

Wiggy—"Corned beef and cabbage?"

Raffels—"Nope, just boiled water."

Lonely—"What did the judge say when you sassed him?"

Weary—"He said that I was a trifle too free and locked me up."

Walker—"Do you mean to say that you got a square meal out of that sour woman?"

Mike—"Sure!"

Walker—"Well, yer a wonder. How did you do it?"

Mike—"When she opened the door I sez; is your mother at home, Miss?"

Wag—"Why is a dentist like a bum?"

Woof—"Because a dentist always lives from hand to mouth."

Lady—"Poor man, what made you blind?"

Burs—"Looking for work, ma'am."

Salesman—Sure thing; this book will halve your work!

Corky—Yeh? All right then, make it two.

Yassah, brudder, up yondah we alls gwine to have harps, and ef you alls prefahs a saxofone, ya knows what yous can do!

Dan—Yes, Flinn, we all have peculiarities.

Roland—Aw, yer simple.

Dan—Why, I'll bet you have one or two yourself.

Roland—For instance?

Dan—Well, do you stir your tea with your right, or left hand?

Roland—With my right, of course.

Dan—Then that's a peculiarity of yours.

Roland—I don't see that at all. What's peculiar about it?

Dan—Nothing much, only most people use a spoon.

Old Lady—Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?

Ragged Little Urchin—Dat's nothin', lady, yer ought ter hear de bus drivers.

Slapping a dime on the desk, the Chemistry prof asked the class—What is that?

Instantly Boltz came to life and shouted—Tails!

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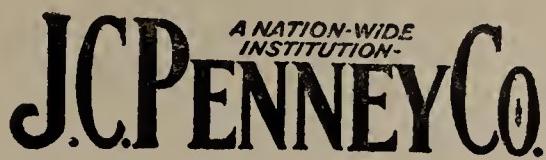
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